A friend of mine wrote this poem last weekend following the tragedy.  I’ve found some comfort from it and perhaps you will too

The sadness is crippling  
This madness so pure  
A lunatic madly  
He walked through the door.  
  
And countless small children  
Their lessons at hand  
Would soon be but ashes  
Because of this man  
  
What evil lurks under  
And within the soul  
To conquer all senses  
And what we were told  
  
That life is worth living  
A gift that’s divine  
That help can be gotten   
For sickness of mind  
  
And oh to those parents whose  
Grief is so raw  
A burning and aching  
That we never saw  
  
Their loss overwhelms me  
Their sadness prevails  
No remedy for this   
Horrific travail  
  
And now I will pray, pray   
And pray some more  
And try to revive what   
Hope is in store  
  
There’s not much to lean on and so   
I will fall  
To my knees, my heart burdened  
And seek my Lord.

Maureen Fahey Barre